

JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

Sherlock Holmes, by kindly fate
 Rescued from a frightful danger,
 Once more to investigate
 Other mysteries, and stranger.
 Still as perils, dread and vast,
 Close you round, but cannot hurt
 Each unravelled thread at last [you,
 Scores another point for virtue.
 While new villains to arrest
 Gives you sport and occupation;
 Just one crime we might suggest
 For your speedy perpetration:
 Yes, though still your subtle brain
 With its old adroitness plots on,
 Double merit you might gain
 If you 'd only strangle Watson.

OUR INTREPID ARTISTS.

[“JOSEF HOFMANN, the celebrated pianist, is a keen and daring sportsman, and has recently taken to polo.”—*Daily Paper*.]

M. PADEREWSKI, as is well known, is a fearless aeronaut, and nothing gives him greater pleasure, when rusticated on his beautiful Galician estate, than to take out his week-end house party for a cruise in his air-ship the *Manru*, so called from his successful opera. The other day the gifted Polish virtuoso, when hovering some 1,500 feet above the picturesque little town of Przewozn, determined to descend in his parachute in order to call on the Voivode, a great friend of his and a wonderful performer on the Pianola. M. PADEREWSKI handed the tiller to his *chauffeur* and leapt from the car. To the horror of the onlookers the parachute failed to open, but as he had omitted to have his hair trimmed for a rather longer period than usual, M. PADEREWSKI'S chrysanthemum-like tresses, standing out at right angles to his head, acted as a perfect substitute, and the heroic *maestro* alighted unhurt on the roof of an Aërated Bread shop amid the stentorian cheers of the enthusiastic populace.

Mr. ELGAR, the famous composer, is a fervent devotee of the Royal and Ancient Game, and has dedicated a new set of Symphonic Variations to TOM MORRIS. The other day, when playing over the Malvern Links with Sir CHARLES STANFORD, Mr. ELGAR gave a wonderful exhibition of his power as a driver. Slicing his tee shot at the short hole over the railway, Mr. ELGAR managed to land his ball in a passing motor-car, which was not stopped until it had gone half a mile, thus surpassing all Mr. BLACKWELL'S records.

KUBELIK, who, as readers of the illustrated papers are well aware, is a swimmer second only to MONTAGUE HOLBEIN in endurance, recently had a remarkable experience at Southsea. Diving from the pier with his wonted grace, and in



HARD LUCK.

Small Child (to Mr. Sparkin, who had come out at an unusually early hour in order to meet his innamorata at the guide-post, and pilot her out cub-hunting). "I WAS TO TELL YOU SHE HAD SUCH A BAD COLD SHE COULDN'T COME. BUT I'M GOING WITH YOU INSTEAD, IF YOU PROMISE TO TAKE CARE OF ME. I'M HER COUSIN, YOU KNOW!"

an accordion-pleated costume of quite ravishing picturesqueness, the eminent violinist—who holds the Bohemian record for the long plunge—collided with a passing submarine. Happily, beyond a slight contusion of the cerebellum, KUBELIK escaped without any untoward consequences, but the submarine has not since been heard of.

We understand that Herr EMIL SAUER, whose passion for cricket almost amounts to a mania, is qualifying for Middlesex, in which team he will probably appear as wicket-keeper when Mr. MCGREGOR is unable to assist his county. Herr EMIL SAUER is said to be a stylish bat, and to make his runs with remarkable speed.

MISS MAUDE VALÉRIE WHITE, it is an open secret, is passionately addicted to tiger-shooting. On a recent expedition in the Bengal jungle, armed only with a rook rifle and a Mauser pistol, she brought home the following remarkable mixed bag: three Elephants, two Red Eagles, fourteen brace of Humming Birds and one Cobra a *cappella*.

Mr. LEONARD BORWICK'S recent absence from the concert platform is accounted for by the fact that he has always paid a divided allegiance to art and athletics. His prowess at lawn tennis is notorious, and at the recent tournament at Nijni Novgorod he and M. SAFELNIKOFF carried all before them in the mixed double.

A FRONTIER AFFAIR.

Throwing a Significant Light on the Great Fiscal Problem.

At Riva, lying close under the bastioned crags of Monte Giomela at the northern end of Garda, the Italian aborigines are even uglier than the fat honeymooning *forestieri* from the Fatherland; but the wild beauty of lake and shore, with their harmonies of steel-blue and grey, retrieves this defect; and here the Anglo-Saxon tripper ceases from troubling. His taste, instinctively oleographic, is better pleased with Como and Maggiore, where also he can gambol with his kind; or, if he comes to Garda at all, he will just "do" the lake from end to end all in a spring or autumn afternoon on his way north from Venice, by Desenzano and Riva, hurrying on by the toy railway to Mori (*vedi Riva e poi Mori!*) and so over Trento and the Brenner to Innsbruck.

At Riva officialdom is "*Kaiserlich-Königlich*;" but the native speech is still Italian. South, some few miles beyond the roar of Ponale's cascade, beyond Pregasina, set high in a green hollow between the shore-cliffs and the landward ridges, the frontier runs invisible across the lake. I always find a strange fascination about frontiers; and to-day the dominant question of the hour gives to this fascination a fresh fiscal piquancy. I might sail down one morning and have my midday *pranzo* in Italy, and mock with impunity the floating customs, and take, on some more impotent official, my revenge for the behaviour of the vulgar brigand that prodded me in the tobacco-pouch the other day at Chiasso. Half-way home, in Austrian territory again, I could land and penetrate the gorge of Ponale and return by the tunnelled road sheer over the lake. It seemed so easy. And the winds, I heard, were always accommodating in their changes. Every morning the punctual Boreas is prepared to blow you south; and every noon the punctual Auster comes on to waft you back to the land that bears his name. If any accident occurs to modify this arrangement, or if there is a flapping in your lateen sails, you have a sculler in the bows, and in the stern a gondolier.

So, *remis velisque*, we came one day, under a blazing sun, to the frontier, brought up at the *dogana* wherry, and were reluctantly allowed to proceed, under the grave suspicion which always attaches itself to an Englishman who omits to declare the contents of the pipe which he is visibly smoking. Then to Limone, where the white columns of the lemon plantations go tier on tier up the hillside, a little like the temples at Benares that rise above the sacred river—to Limone and the midday breakfast, cooked "*subito*," that is, within the hour, and served under a spreading medlar tree. By the landing-stage lies the revenue-launch—that Polyphemus of the lake, who nightly, with the one eye of his searchlight, rakes the harmless shadows of the shore for the contraband that never comes. I have known him, in recurring spasms of curiosity, even penetrate my privacy on the terrace of the Hotel Sole d'Oro at Riva, possibly taking official note of the brand of my intolerable Teuton cigar for purposes of future identification in the event of my attempting to smuggle the article over the border. I suppose that, like virtue, the quest must be its own reward; for I cannot conceive, at least in the matter of tobacco, why any sane person should desire, whether under cover of darkness or in plain day, to transport from one country to the other the indistinguishably nauseous fabrics of either monopoly.

These are Italian methods; but Austria, too, if she does not run to a rival revenue-launch with search-light, or an oared barge stationary on the frontier, has international courtesies of her own. When the occupant of a boat has the air of having come from Italy (this is recognisable rather by the direction of his course than by the aureole in his hair, or the classic mould of his torso), he is strictly defended

from landing at any point on Austrian territory save Riva or Torbole, the only places where there are facilities for examining him. It is true that the precipitous character of much of the shore would in any case discourage debarkation; still there is Ponale, the proposed point of departure for our *promenade à pied*; Ponale has its little haven. But, branded as we were with the mark of Italy, no self-respecting Austrian boatman would have dared the experiment of landing us there. Carbineer sentries, disposed for this express purpose on the cliff's face, would have reduced our raid to a fiasco. Ourselves unarmed, and therefore outside temptation, it seemed cowardly for us to provoke these brave fellows to the shedding of blood. And so, abandoning all hope of entering here, we let the south wind blow us back to Riva, there to report ourselves at the customs-wharf, with nothing to declare but the débris of our pouches, a topic on which we permitted ourselves to lie vicariously through the agency of the boatman. Then, and not till then, were we free to land and play about in Austria at large.

This little frontier episode might seem a mere personal triviality but for its suggestive bearing on the great problem, which I find, on my return to England, to be still engaging the public imagination. In none of the fiscal speeches that I have read, all teeming with oratory not less noble than vague, could I detect so much as the lightest allusion to what I have come to regard as the most potent argument against the indefinite multiplication of tariffs, protective, preferential, or retaliative—namely, the extreme inconvenience they would cause to people in pleasure-boats.

Under the new conditions advocated by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, I take, let us say, a small skiff at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, and row round the point to Alum Bay. I invite myself to land and lunch at the hotel on the cliffs. But in the absence of all evidence (apart from the fluency of my English expletives—in itself an inconclusive argument) to show that I am not just arrived round the corner from France, a preferential coastguard, armed to the teeth, disputes my landing, and directs me to the nearest customs-house—at Cowes. I elect to row back to Freshwater, where my boat and my figure will be recognised and I can demonstrate that I have not had time for direct dealings with the continent of Europe. Here, however, I find that I can adduce no sufficient proof that I have not been in communication with a Dutch schooner just behind the Needles; and another armed coast-protector disputes my landing, and directs me to the nearest customs-house—Ventnor, this time.

I arrive there, greatly exhausted, at 1.30 A.M., having for the last five miles been the cynosure of a very galaxy of search-lights. An armed retaliator disputes my landing, and instructs me to lie off-shore till 7 o'clock, the hour of the opening of the customs-house. Having ultimately paid a preferential tariff on my body (raw material, but, in my present enervated condition, not to be regarded as food-stuff), and a retaliative *ad valorem* duty on the clothes (manufactured articles) in which I can no longer stand up, I am free to play about the Island at large. There can, of course, be no means of getting my boat back to Freshwater except by road or rail.

With deference, and without any claim for royalty, I offer the use of this harrowing picture to Free Trade orators who may happen to be addressing audiences in the neighbourhood of our sea-board.

O. S.

WE gather from the *Glasgow Herald* that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, when visiting that city, wore an orchard in his coat. But the horticultural record is still held by the lady in "*Cherry Ripe*," who had "a garden in her face."

A WOMAN'S TOAST.—"Modes, mirrors, and men!"



HOW IT STRIKES AN ALLY.

JOHN BULL. "HULLO! READING THAT, ARE YOU? I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN IT."

LITTLE JAP. "OH, JUST GLANCING THROUGH IT." (Aside) "WELL, THANK GOODNESS, IF I DO WANT HIS HELP, IT'LL BE A QUESTION OF SHIPS!"



OUR BOYS.—II.

[“At a Sunday school at Wellington, Somerset, some weeks ago each of the boys was presented with a strong cigar, and they were promised that if they attended regularly they would all be presented with cigarettes. On the following Sunday each boy present received a packet of ten or a dozen.”—*Daily Mail*.]

THERE was a timid knock at the study door. The head boy, absorbed in a novel, took no notice. The knock was repeated, louder but still nervous.

“Come in,” he growled, taking his meerschaum from his mouth.

It was the house master. He sidled into the study and sat down, looking nervous and uncomfortable, on the extreme edge of a chair.

“Well?” said the head of the house, “what is it *now*?”

“Er—how nice your study looks, BROWN. What a pretty tobacco-pouch. May I examine it? Thank you, thank you. Very nice, very nice.”

“Come to the point. What do you want?”

The master cleared his throat, and hesitated for a moment.

“The fact is, BROWN,” he said, speaking rapidly,—“well, to put it briefly, were you thinking of coming over to school this afternoon?”

“What the—well, I’m—well, this takes it. Isn’t the staff of St. Asterisk’s capable of minding its own business for a single day with an effort?”

“Well, the fact is, BROWN, that it—er—well, really, you know, it is almost my business. The headmaster has sent over to ask me to find out if possible what are your plans for this afternoon. I think, you know, really I think he would like to see you there to-day. You have not been to the form-room for nearly three weeks now.”

“Oh, I can’t,” said the head of the house, yawning. “It’s such a beastly bore sitting there on beastly hard uncomfortable forms with no cushions or anything. Won’t some other day do?”

“Well, to-day would be very convenient if you could manage it. The sixth form are going to do Homer for the first hour. I know you like Homer, BROWN. That master of description, that expert in vigour!”

“Homer,” said the head of the house succinctly, relighting his pipe, “is rot.”

“But it will only last for an hour, and then you will do Aristophanes. You must enjoy Aristophanes, BROWN. What verve! What wit! What esprit! Do come, BROWN.”

“Aristophanes,” said the head of the house, “is a man I particularly bar. His wit is simply puerile, and would disgrace a Surrey-side music-hall. If that’s the best you can offer me, I certainly shan’t think of coming.”



QUOTATIONS GONE WRONG.

“THERE’S A DIVINITY THAT SHAPES OUR ENDS.”—*Hamlet*.

“But it isn’t all. The headmaster told me to tell you that he had just got a new brand of tobacco, and he wanted you to try it.”

“Ah,” said BROWN, with awakening interest. “That so? What is it?”

“He called it ‘Belgravia Mixture.’”

“Muck,” said the head of the house, briefly. “You’d much better run along now. Good-bye.”

Then the house master played his ace of trumps.

“He also told me to tell you that a friend of his had sent him a box of really good cigars, splendid cigars, and if you will come, he will put the box on his desk, and you can have as many as you like.”

“H’m. Cigars. What brand?”

“Cabanas. A special crop.”

“In that case,” replied the head of the house thoughtfully, “I’m not half sure I won’t look in. Yes, you can tell him to expect me some time between three and four, unless it rains.”

“Oh, *thank you*,” said the house master joyfully, “he *will* be pleased. How good you are to us, BROWN!”

“Not at all,” the head of the house murmured, picking up his book; “shut the door after you.”

A CORRESPONDENT reports the following advertisement, written in chalk on the box of a Swiss shoeblack:—

“ENGLISH SPOKEN. AMERICAN UNDERSTOOD.”

THE FUTURE ATKINS.

[It is suggested that, as "brains will in future take the place of great armaments," more attention should be paid to the education of soldiers.]

Oh, we take him from the city or the plough,
And we give him Latin grammars of his own;
We teach him to distinguish *us* from *ov*,
And how to use the works of Mr. BOHN.
We don't pay much attention to physique,
We are working now on quite another plan;
If his prose correct and terse is,
And he writes good Latin verses,
He's the model of a military man.

O-oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
You're a scholar, you've a brain:
Any crux or doubtful reading
You are able to explain.
You're a student of the Classics,
May you stick to them like glue!
Oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
Here's our best respects to you.

I admit the smell of powder makes you faint,
I own you are not handy with a gun,
Perhaps your views on drill are rather quaint,
But what is that when all is said and done?
The merest dullard knows enough to fight:
A fool is bright enough to save his skin:
All those Generals in the past ex'ed,
What we want are men who've mastered
The various intricacies of *piis*.
O-oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
You're not dashing—no; but still
You're a sort of Dr. PORSON
With a touch of STUART MILL.
Though you stoop when you are marching,
Though your aim is far from true,
Oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
Here's our best respects to you.

The battles that we fought in days of yore
Were absolutely lacking in *finesse*,
Coarse, vulgar saturnalia of gore,
When courage won, and learning counted less.
A certain skill and pluck was needed then;
All that, however, we're about to change.
No need to stab or shoot, your
Battles, TOMMY, in the future
Will be fought with dictionaries at long range.
O-oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
Keep your mind alert and bright;
On the field of Armageddon
You will shortly have to fight.
You will have to guard our Empire,
Stock your brain with knowledge, do—
Oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
We civilians lean on you.

So though perhaps you're not exactly tall,
What need for us to cavil at your height?
What matter if a warrior be small,
If he can construe *Æschylus* at sight?
Though your back is not so straight as we could wish,
Though your eyesight isn't all that it might be,
Though you're puny, meagre, skinny,
You can make short work of *Pliny*;
You are fit to take a classical degree.
O-oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
You're a good 'un, no mistake;

False quantities and howlers
You are never known to make.
Vastly different from the dunces
Brawling loud at Waterloo,
Oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
We are very proud of you.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Memoirs, by HENRI STEPHANE DE BLOWITZ (ARNOLD), is a most extraordinary book, written by an exceptionally remarkable man. What M. DE BLOWITZ did not know of the foreign diplomacy of his time was not worth the trouble of learning, and what he did know was always worth reading. Whatever the nature of the work he may have had on hand at any particular time, he is never prosaic in his account of his own share in it. He was in the highest rank of artistically descriptive journalists, gaining his ends by such methods as a MACHIAVELLI would have thoroughly appreciated and FOUCHÉ would have envied. The incident of the mysterious lady whom neither M. DE BLOWITZ nor the superiress of a convent, nor two powerful Cardinals, nor even Pope LEO THE THIRTEENTH himself could save from the hand of destiny, and who vanished into thin air, or into the sea whence perhaps she had originally arisen, leaving not a wrack behind save a hat of feathers floating on the wave, is a most thrillingly sensational story, told with the firm and honest conviction of a religious man who is not attempting to explain but is "simply telling you." To single out this one startling episode is only to whet the reader's appetite for the strange stories provided for him in this single volume. These Memoirs have all the fascination of an exciting romance.

Denslow's Night before Christmas (HEINEMANN) is a book full of grotesquely conceived illustrations, brightly coloured, thoroughly amusing in themselves without reference to the nursery rhymes that accompany them, which are not so brilliant as the colouring of the pictures. The kindly purchaser of gift-books may put it aside till Christmas Eve.

The Silver Bullet, by FERGUS HUME (JOHN LONG), is just the very story that Sherlock Holmesites will read with avidity. It is a most ingeniously contrived hunt-the-slipper sort of plot, as when the reader thinks he has hit off the scent, it is not long before he discovers that the secret is concealed in a place totally different from where he is searching. After two or three failures the reader becomes nervously excited, and regards with suspicion every fresh character introduced to him by the author. Often is he sorely tempted to read the last chapter and have done with it, but a second's deliberation causes him to regard this impulse as a snare and a delusion. With his *Silver Bullet* Mr. FERGUS HUME has made a palpable hit.

Exceptionally interesting is the *Magazine of Art* (CASSELL) for October on account of the "Personal Recollections of JAMES McNEIL WHISTLER," written by VAL PRINSEP, R.A., although the reproductions of WHISTLER'S "Sarasate" and of the "Portrait of the Painter's Mother" are not so perfect as most of the reproductions that have previously appeared in this Magazine.

Amazing Adventures (SKEFFINGTON) is a bookful of comic adventures drawn in true burlesque vein by H. B. NEILSON, the story being written by S. B. GOULD. Whether the pictures suggested the story or the story the pictures, when once the illustrations were settled upon, the written story became superfluous. *Facta non verba* should have been the motto of the combined talents. The pictures are decidedly funny and of a somewhat old style of quaint humour.

Phil May's Illustrated Winter Annual for 1903-1904 (THACKER AND CO.), one of the very best of all his annuals and, to many, one of the saddest. It has already, as we hear, had a larger sale than any of its predecessors. Delightful is the humour in *The Welsh Farmer and the Dean*, which can only be thoroughly appreciated after reading the "legend," but still better is the humour of *The Lodging-house Keeper and a Professional Lady*, which is intelligible to anyone without reference to the "legend." For " Sauce Hollandaise " and " H.M.S. Furious " no legend is required, and it is in such inimitable specimens of his work that the artist's dramatic power shows itself.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE PERFECT LOVER.

"I have come in contact with many foreigners, and the Englishman is the most perfect lover I have as yet met."—*Correspondent in "Daily Mail."*

OUTHUSTLED by the pushful Yank,
Outdone in foreign trading,
We see our revenues grow lank,
Our reputation fading;
While "Rule Britannia" goes the way
Of all forgotten tunes:
Still Englishmen can proudly say
"We make the finest spoons."

AFTER LITTLE MARY.

WE understand that Mr. J. M. BARRIE, greatly encouraged by the striking success of his latest play, is preparing another on the same lines, to be entitled *Sentimental Tummy and Gristle: A Plea for Plain Living*. Herein he again lays great stress upon the dangers of over-eating.

In Mr. PINERO we have yet another dramatist who is keenly solicitous for the welfare of the "best people." His panacea, however, differs somewhat from that of Mr. BARRIE, being in fact nothing less than vegetarianism. He is at present engaged in collaboration with Mr. SPRING ONIONS upon a play embodying his new theory. This vegetarian drama he proposes to call *Lettuce*.

Sir GILBERT PARKER is the latest recruit to the ranks of playwrights with a purpose. His new melodrama, *The Sites of the Meaty*, is a stage version of one of his most famous novels. It is said to contain a powerful plea on behalf of Mr. SEDDON's scheme of opening New Zealand meat shops in England and Wales.

Mr. TREE intends, on the ultimate withdrawal of *King Richard the Second* from His Majesty's Theatre, to present a new and revised version of what is perhaps BACON's greatest drama, under



THE TENANTS' DINNER.

Lady Bountiful (to Farmer Stuff, who has done rather more than justice to the fare). "AND WHAT WILL YOU TAKE NOW, MR. STUFF?"

Mr. Stuff. "I THINK, MUM, THAT NOW I'LL TAKE A BIT OF—A REST."

the title of *Ham Let Alone at Breakfast*. In its revised form the play contains numerous references to the dietetic advantages of the light French *déjeuner* of coffee and rolls. Mr. TREE will of course take the title rôle of *Ham*, while *Sausage Polonius* will in all probability be played by Mr. OSCAR ASCHE.

Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, having exhausted the potentialities of Imperialism and the Colonies, is said to be turning his attention to our internal arrangements at home. His next volume of verse will bear the name of *The Five Rations*. The title, like that of his latest work, is perhaps a little obscure, but we understand that it refers to the five daily meals of the "best people," i.e. breakfast, luncheon, tea, dinner and supper.

A reply by the Leader of the Opposition to Mr. BALFOUR's fiscal pamphlet is announced for early publication. In

his *Gastronomic Notes on Insides Betrayed* Sir HENRY will demonstrate, even more clearly than has been done by the famous *Daily News* poster, the utter futility of being content to accept the stomach tax and the Little Loaf.

Mr. C. A. VINCE, whose fiscal leaflets are calculated to outnumber the sands, may be interested to know that the ancient Buddhists, among other methods of numeration, had one which seems to have been designed to copewith just such a case as his. In the words of Sir EDWIN ARNOLD (*Light of Asia*):—

"The Katha, used to note the stars of night;
The Kôti-Katha, for the ocean-drops;
Jugga, the calculus of circulars."

RAW MATERIAL.—Strenuous opposition may be expected from the bootmaking industry to a prohibitive duty on brown paper.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XXVI.—THE BUTTERSCOTCH.

Why the train won't start I really can't imagine. It's quite full up already, and the regatta crowd is still swarming on to the platform. It will only mean that we shall have people standing on our feet the whole way back to town. As it is I'm certain half the people in this first-class carriage have got third-class tickets. The scrubby man in the peak cap, for instance, dozing in the opposite corner—I'll swear to him. It's disgusting. I might just as well have saved the money and got a third-class ticket myself—instead of a second.

Thank goodness we're off. Peculiarly drowsy effect the river always has on me. I feel I can just sleep till Waterloo. I wish the young man on the other side in the elaborately rakish Panama hat would talk to his mother less for the benefit of the whole compartment. I for one am not interested in the fact that he is personally acquainted with two Oxford men.—A brief silence at last. The rattle of the train is soothing.

"E won 'is 'eat in the Sculls."

I open my eyes. The man in the peak cap is beaming round the compartment, while everybody avoids his gaze. He catches my eye.

"MABEL's young man won 'is 'eat all right," he observes. "In the Sculls."

I murmur my congratulations and shut my eyes again. Something presses my knee. The man in the peak cap is leaning forward, supporting himself with one grubby hand on my white flannel trousers.

"I said that MABEL's young man won 'is 'eat in the Sculls."

I inform him that I have not the pleasure of MABEL's young man's acquaintance. He regards me with a kind of numbly pained astonishment.

"Don't know—MABEL's young man?" he repeats mechanically. "T-t-t-t-t," and relapses into his corner again, plainly finding it difficult to realise the full force of the blow that has fallen upon him. I, for my part, am too pre-occupied with a first impression of five grimy fingers on my trouser-knee to be able to compose myself for sleep again. The man in the peak cap is ruminating darkly in his corner. After a time he seems to get over his blow somewhat, and begins to beam round the compartment again. Suddenly his eye lights on the young man in the Panama hat by his side, who is again addressing the compartment through the medium of his mother.

"I don't know really what makes one come to these potty little regattas. One doesn't see anybody one knows rowing, like at Henley. I remember NICKMANN-BURY (the Leander man, you know) saying

to me when I was introduced to him in the Leander enclosure that the decent clubs simply won't—"

"Wot,—Sid!" suddenly interrupts the man in the peak cap.

The young man breaks off suddenly in confusion.

"Sid!" repeats the man in the peak cap, seizing his hand, "shake 'ands, my boy, I 'ardly knew yer."

The young man pulls away his hand indignantly.

"Why, Sid," exclaims his neighbour reproachfully, "doncher know yer ole boss?"

"I don't know you," says the flushed young man.

The man in the peak cap surveys him hazily.

"My mistake," he says eventually. "Thort I knew yer. You're the very livin' imidge of a young man that used ter work fer me at Greenwich. Sid Cox 'is name was."

The young man has turned to his mother again, and is making a pitiable show of resuming his remarks about NICKMANNBURY.

"My mistake," remarks the man in the peak cap.

The young man takes no notice. His neighbour nudges him in the ribs with his elbow.

"I say it was my mistake," he repeats.

The young man turns on him angrily.

"Yes," he snaps.

"You're qui' ri'," says his neighbour.

"—MABEL's young man won 'is 'eat."

The young man turns from him without answering, only to receive another nudge in the ribs.

"I say MABEL's young man won 'is 'eat."

Here the young man turns his back square to his neighbour, who stares vaguely at it for a time, then sinks back into his corner and gazes moodily into space.

"In the Sculls," he observes at last meditatively, and drops into a doze once more.

I endeavour to follow his example, but my drowsiness has altogether left me. For a time there is silence in the compartment, then the man in the peak cap opens his eyes slowly, fumbles in his pocket, and in course of time produces a repulsive-looking black bottle. He removes the cork, and nudges his neighbour once more.

"'Ere's good 'ealth," he remarks—drinks, and holds the bottle beneath the young man's nose.

"'Ave a drop?" he invites.

The young man makes no answer.

"Don't be afraid of it," he says, "it ain't none of yer cheap stuff. Real Ole Tom. 'Ave a drop."

Dignified silence from the young man.

His neighbour nudges him cheerily again with his elbow.

"Ask your ole grandmother if she'd like a drop," he suggests. "Real Ole Tom."

Still no response. I observe the young man's companion stiffen in her seat. The man in the peak cap withdraws the bottle from under the young man's nose, corks it, and replaces it in his pocket.

"'Ave a birrerburrerscotch?" he suggests, and spends a few minutes groping in his pocket. Then he has a gradual inspiration, and screwing slowly round on his seat stares for a time at the rack. Next he turns to the young man again.

"You ain't seen my burrrerscotch?" he inquires.

"No," says the young man shortly.

"No," repeats his neighbour vaguely, and ruminates for a time over the reply. Again he turns to the young man.

"Ask the ole girl," he suggests, after which, the other making no movement, he leans across and addresses his companion.

"'Ave you seen my burrrerscotch?" he inquires.

The lady, painfully rigid, makes no reply. There is a pause; then a marked change comes over the features beneath the peak cap. He focuses the lady with a hostile eye.

"If anyone's taken my burrrerscotch," he says meaningly, "they'll get a bloomin' good 'idin'."

"Confound you," begins the young man nervously, "what d'you mean by—"

His neighbour takes no notice of the interruption.

"A bloomin' good 'idin'," he repeats, still fixing the lady with an accusing eye. "D'yer think I'm afraid of yer?"

Here several passengers interfere.

"Wot's she wantin' go takin' my burrrerscotch for?" demands the man in the peak cap. "Does she think I'm afraid of 'er? I'd take 'er with one 'and, an' many like 'er. I'm an Englishman, I am, an' no one ain't goin' ter take my burrrerscotch."

"If you're an Englishman," suddenly breaks in a voice—that of a red-haired man with a thin nose in the further corner, "you ought to be ashamed to threaten a woman."

The man in the peak cap stares mistily for a while at the latest speaker.

"I'm a man," he remarks eventually.

"Yes, you're a man," admits the other with an expectantly argumentative air.

"An' she's a woman," continues the man in the peak cap.

"Yes, she's a woman," assents the red-haired man guardedly.—"A lady."

"An' ole lady," states the man in the peak cap.

"The older she is," says the red-haired man triumphantly, "the more shame to you for threatening her."

I notice that the lady does not seem fully appreciative of the point that has been scored by her champion.

"I say I'm a man an' she's a woman," maintains the man in the peak cap vaguely.

"You've said that already," puts in his opponent, who seems to be enjoying himself immensely.

"An' anyone that steals my burrer-scotch 'll get a bloomin' good 'idin'," concludes the man in the peak cap.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," cries the red-haired man, "that's not the point. You said——"

"Guard!" suddenly calls the lady, half rising.

The train has stopped at a station, and the guard is just passing the window. He puts in his head.

"Will you please have this man turned out?" says the lady, pointing to her aggressor. "He's intoxicated and has been using abusive language."

The rest of the compartment support the accusation, though I cannot help observing a certain lack of enthusiasm on the part of the red-haired man, who gives the impression of a man quite irritated about something. The guard turns to the man in the peak cap.

"Come on—come out of it," he says.

The man in the peak cap regards him with dignity.

"I 'cuse this lady stealin' my burrer-scotch," he observes.

Here the young man in the Panama hat goes so far as to button up his jacket and observe, "I'm with you, guard, if necessary," which no doubt must be reassuring to the official. He is a well-built man with a widely opened eye.

"Are you coming?" he demands shortly.

The man in the peak cap rises and stumbles out of the door, affording us as he does so a view of a sticky yellow mass adhering to the seat of his trousers. Still with his back to us, he addresses the guard.

"I'm a man an' an Englishman——" he begins.

The guard has waved his flag and the train begins to move.

"I'm a man an' a—'Ere, you 'll 'ear of this!" he shouts, incensed by our merriment. "I've bin robbed of my burrer-scotch. Where's my rights as an Englishman?"

And we are borne on laughing, leaving him alone on the platform, still unconscious of the fidelity of his unseen adherent.



ACT I



ACT II.

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

THE FINEST VIEW.

AWAY, away! The plains of Ind
Have set their victim free;
I cast my sorrows to the wind,
My sun-hat in the sea;
And, standing with a chosen few,
I watch a dying glow,
The passing of the Finest View
That all the world can show.

It would not fire an artist's eye,
This View whereof I sing;
Poets, no doubt, would pass it by
As quite a common thing;
Tourists would heave a scornful
sniff,
And find no beauties there—
They couldn't if they would, and if
They could they wouldn't care.

Only for him that turns the back
On dark and evil days

It throws a glory down his track
That sets his heart ablaze;
A charm to make the wounded whole,
Which wearied eyes may draw
Luxuriously through the soul,
Like cocktails through a straw.

I have seen strong men moved to tears
When gazing o'er the deep,
Hard men, whom I have known for years,
Nor dreamt that they could weep;
Even myself, though stern and cold
Beyond the common line,
Cannot, for very joy, withhold
The tribute of my brine.

Farewell, farewell, thou best of Views!
I leave thee to thy pain,
And, while I have the power to choose,
We shall not meet again;
But, 'mid the scenes of joy and mirth,
My fancies oft will turn
Back to the Finest Sight on Earth,
The Bombay Lights—astern!

DUM-DUM.



UP TO DATE.

Customer (in search of tomatoes). "GOT ANY TUPPENNY 'MARTERS, MATE?"

Coster. "'MARTERS, COCKY? WE WAS SOLD OUT O' PASSIVE RESISTERS 'ARF-HOUR AGO!"

'SHAM EDUCATION."

A CORRESPONDENCE has recently been raging in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* under the above title. The ball was set rolling by "A Shipping Merchant," who invited some would-be clerks to calculate the cost of 5 tons 11 cwt. 3 qrs. 23 lbs. at £5 11s. 6d. per ton. Their results were various and incorrect, while the problem-setter himself failed to give the final fraction in the true answer, £31 4s. 1 $\frac{9}{16}$ d.

This is a national scandal. *Mr. Punch*, therefore, proposes to complete the *Daily Mail* referendum on the great fiscal question of the hour by a door-to-door and out-in-the-road canvass of the entire population of the United Kingdom, juveniles as well as adults, on the subject of Education and Things in General.

All members of the public are accordingly invited to place their mark on the subjoined voting paper.

And we further invite the assistance of ladies and gentlemen and Others to

collect these votes, so that when the *Punch* general election is complete it will be representative of every possessor or borrower of 3d. in the country.

Words and figures fail us when we endeavour to enumerate briefly the various Cash Prizes, Annuities, Season-ticketships, Advowsons, Nuncupative Legacies, Cabinet-ministerhips, and posts of Office Boy which we propose to confer on the most industrious collectors of votes. We therefore give it up, and ask our canvassers to take it all in one big Trust.

The questions on which *Mr. Punch* desires to collect the universal opinion are as follows:—

1. How do you do?
2. How is (a) the missus, (b) your husband, (c) the baby, (d) your father, (e) your mother (as the case may be).
3. How do you like this weather?
4. How did you enjoy, (a) your holiday, (b) the last beanfeast, (c) school-treat, (d) football-match?
5. Can you write your name?
6. Do you mind writing it here?

7. Do you approve of journalistic plebiscites? (Explain this word very carefully, and write it as you think it ought to be pronounced.)

8. Will you excuse my inquisitiveness?

9. How many stars do I see?

10. Where is the nearest ambulance?

11. Great heavens, where am I, and what's the matter with my head?

N.B.—The last three questions are to be put by male canvassers only.

Mr. Punch will not hold himself responsible for any damage to persons or property in pursuance of the foregoing inquiry. He is, however, anxiously awaiting results of his attempt to feel the popular pulse and pull the collective leg. It has nothing particular to do with Education, Sham or Otherwise, but any peg will serve to hang an Inquiry on during the present epidemic of fiscal and arithmetical conundrums.

"AN AWFUL BOUNDER!"—My youngest boy's india-rubber ball.

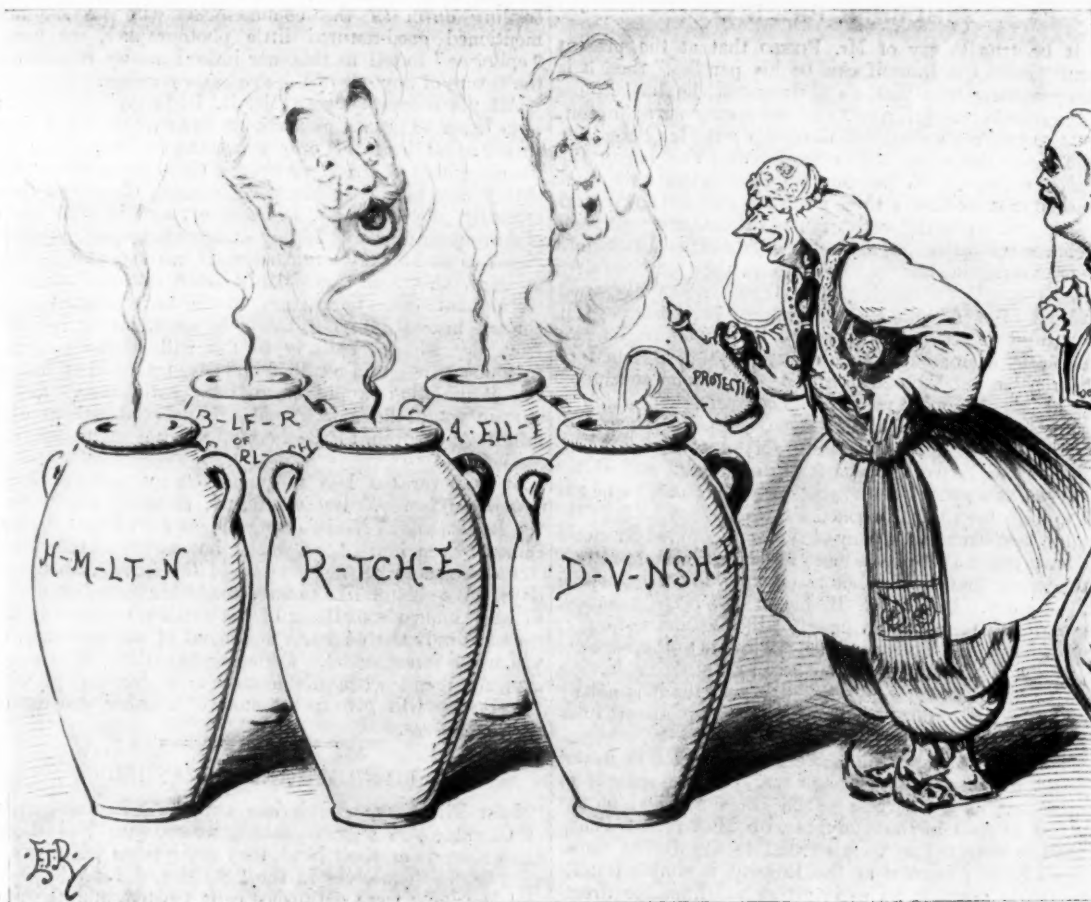


HOVE TO.

PERTURBED OLD LADY (to LORD R-S-B-RY). "EXCUSE ME, SIR. ARE YOU THE PILOT, OR ONLY A PASSENGER?"



1877



BOILING OIL; OR, MORGIANA JOE.

Arhab-al-Phur. "ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU'VE SETTLED THEM, MORGEY?"

("We are prepared to work together without Jars."—*Mr. Balfour at Sheffield.*)

THE ALL-PERVADING.

[America is clearly bent on restoring the vanishing national costumes of Europe. Three Americans are at present in Athens, their mission being to prove the superiority of the costume of Pericles and Aspasia over the undistinctive dress of the modern Athenian.]

I ROAM the rugged Highlands,
From Sutherland I come
Through all the Outer Islands
To Eigg and Muck and Rum;
But wheresoe'er my footsteps bear,
In vain I seek a kilt;
There is in Eigg no philabeg,
Nor sporran in Glen Tilt.
But everywhere upon my route
I see the cheap East-Ender suit,
On every man and boy and brat
The all-pervading bowler hat.
From Mandal and Stavanger
With lingering steps I stray
To far remote Veranger
Where night is turned to day;

In every vale and fiord and dale
I seek without success,
For nowhere can I meet a man
In full Norwegian dress.
The peasants harvesting the crops
Wear ready-made Whitechapel slops,
The shepherds pasturing their flocks
Objectionable billycocks.
Through Germany and Prussia
I vainly ply my quest,
And even distant Russia
Deceives me like the rest.
Go where I will, before me still
These ugly nightmares loom;
I cannot meet a man complete
In national costume.
Upon the steppes the Cossack strides
In cheap and nasty "ready-mides,"
And common as the household cat
In Tiflis is the bowler hat.

When disappointments smother
The hope within my heart,

I turn to Athens—mother
Of beauty and of art.
Where MYRON wrought, where PHEIDIAS
taught,

And POLYCLEITUS carved,
Here, here at least I yet may feast
My soul so sadly starved.
Vain hope! In Athens tramcars run,
The men are trousered, every one,
And I behold the sacred rock
Pervaded by the billycock.

But lo! the prospect brightens,
And suddenly I see
Arrayed in flowing chitons
And peplons, figures three.
True Greeks at last! They wander past.
I prick each listening ear
For any word that may be heard,
And this is what I hear:
"I guess we're fixed up all complete;
You bet, we're c'rect from head to feet.
My! ain't these Greeks a lot of flats
To sport slop-suits and bowler hats!"

PINERO v. PINERO.

IF it be true to say of Mr. PINERO that at the present moment "none but himself can be his parallel," then it is certainly equally true that, as a dramatist, he has, in his own line, no successful rival, and no enemy save himself. As SHERIDAN's *Rivals* disputed the palm with his *School for Scandal*, so to the vogue of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* was opposed the success of *The Gay Lord Quex*, and though it be granted that the first of these was a tragedy and the second a comedy yet as both were dramas of powerful interest, with characters distinctly marked and dialogue alternately lively or severe, but always to the point, they may be fairly quoted as equally upholding the dramatist's well-earned reputation. But *Letty* is another matter; here is PINERO at his best, up to a certain point, *versus* PINERO led away by an Ibsenitish delusion and by such a monologuing declamatory spirit as possessed VICTORIEN SARDOU in the longest-winded period of his successful melodramatic career. For *Letty*, a drama in four Acts and an Epilogue, say plainly five Acts and have done with it, now being played at the Duke of York's Theatre between a quarter to eight and something after eleven, is a specimen of this "queer mixture," when it ought to have been unadulterated PINERO.

Not the best French company of the much-lauded Français could have given this play a more forcible or a more attractive rendering than do the actors engaged for the purpose at this theatre. In Mr. H. B. IRVING's *Nevill Letchmere*, who inherits all the fatal devilment of the Letchmere family, no improvement could be suggested; while as to the heroine, *Letty Shell*, the author is to be congratulated on having secured the services of Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, as it is not by any means a part that is likely to be prominent in a *répertoire* of her own selection.

But honestly, though the success of the plot is meant to depend on these two protagonists, yet the success of the piece, that is, the success of the drama as acted on the boards (not as read in the study) is with Miss NANCY PRICE, who, though unsuited to *Calypso*, and to the wicked nurse in *A Snug Little Kingdom* at the Royalty, is simply inimitable as *Hilda Gurney*, an assistant at a fashionable dress-maker's; with Mr. FRED KERR as *Bernard Mandeville*, perfect in his representation of an utter cad; with Miss BEATRICE FORBES ROBERTSON as the earnest and rigidly moral *Marion Allardyce*, a fellow clerk with *Letty* in the same house of business; and with Mr. DION BOUCICAULT, whose impersonation of the honest little commonplace photographer, *Richard Perry*, is excellent.

Again, in the case of *Mrs. Ivor Crosbie*, (a part admirably represented by Miss SARAH BROOKE,) the author creates for her a far greater interest than he has aroused for the heroine. She is *Nevill Letchmere's* favourite sister; on her bias to the right or the left depends the future of the *Letchmere* family for good or for ill. *Nevill* undertakes to direct that bias, and to bring her out of her great temptation, triumphantly, "on the side of the angels." And he fails her. Yielding to his own selfish, sensual passion, which he has so far by an effort repressed, he lets his sister, who relies upon him for her salvation, cut herself adrift and go under. *Chassez le naturel et il reviendra au galop*: this is the old proverb that *Nevill*, in himself, illustrates. The interest of the story is in the fall of *Nevill's* sister, and whether *Letty*, the sentimental shop-girl and dreamy invalid, or anybody else, known or unknown to the audience, is to be his victim, is a matter of very little importance.

We weary of *Nevill's* long soliloquies, as we do of the rhapsodies of the anæmic heroine, and so little has *Letty Shell* gained upon our sympathies that nobody cares what becomes of her. We are glad, for *Nevill Letchmere's* sake, that he allows her to escape, because we rather like *Nevill*

and pity him; but as to feeling any sort of surprise at *Letty's* settling down as the commonplace wife of the above-mentioned good-natured little photographer, we need no "epilogue" to tell us this, nor indeed are we concerned for the future of any one of the *dramatis personæ*.

All the scenes between Mr. H. B. IRVING, as *Nevill*, and Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, as *Letty*, are as finely played as heart of author could desire. If only something could have prevented the elopement of *Mrs. Ivor Crosbie* (Miss SARAH BROOKE) with that young masher of married women, *Coppinger Drake*, carefully played by Mr. D. GRIMSTON, and if, after the exit of *Letty* (omitting that highly dangerous last embrace) when *Nevill* is at his very wretchedest, if, we say, at this critical moment, *Mrs. Ivor Crosbie*, his sister, safe and sound, and triumphant over temptation, could have rushed in and thrown herself into her brother's arms, owing her rescue from degradation entirely to the will to resist that his previous advice and conduct had strengthened in her, then the termination would have been satisfactory, and the curtain would have fallen, at the reasonable hour of five minutes to eleven, to the hearty applause of an unwearied audience.

It is never too late to mend, except perhaps for the *Letchmere* family. But we forget, there is still hope for the *Letchmeres* in *Nevill's* son, who, as his father informs us, comes to see him once a week; but unfortunately the last Act does not take place on one of the little chap's visiting days. We should like to have made his acquaintance; and to have known something of his mother, concerning whom we have only the *ex parte* statement of her husband, from whom she is separated. Perhaps when their little son has grown up and when his mother is a grey-haired widow, Mr. PINERO will give us the story of another generation of the *Letchmeres*.

PILGRIMS AND STRANGERS.

LAST Thursday the Pilgrims' temporary halting-place was at Claridge's in a grand saloon, where, with Field-Marshal Lord ROBERTS at their head, they entertained strangers who soon found themselves in the "Society of Friends." KING and President were enthusiastically toasted, and there were no bounds to the cordiality with which the subject of the Alaska boundaries was received, when the reply to the toast of "the Commissioners" was commenced by Lord ALVERSTONE, "the PIERPONT MORGAN of the Commission," as Senator TURNER, speaking after his lordship, styled him, and continued by Senator the Hon. CLIFFORD SIFTON, representing Canada, who completed the trio of thanks-returning guests. Then Mr. BRITAIN, the honorary secretary, who, in spite of the frequently reiterated and highly popular assertion that "Britons never will be slaves," was at everybody's service on this particular evening, read aloud a cablegram from the Pilgrim Brothers in New York, expressing the hope that "whatever the result of the Alaska Boundary Commission might be, no boundaries might ever be set to English and American friendship," a sentiment received with enthusiastic cheers.

The evening was a big success, the speakers restricted themselves to the main subject, and not a single Pilgrim or Stranger wandered beyond the boundaries; nor was there even so much as one subtle reference made either to tariffs or to a certain (or uncertain) ex-Minister. Protection is in the air, and there, on this occasion, the Boundary Brothers of Alaska were content to let it remain.

THE Alhambra Theatre is going in heavily for politics. Recent novelties include the burlesque jugglers known as the SEDDONS, and the RITCHIE cyclists—with free wheels, of course.



SO SYMPATHETIC!

Sportman (wishing for fresh fields to conquer). "I SHOULD LIKE TO TRY MY HAND AT BIG GAME."
Fair Ignoramus. "YES, I SUPPOSE YOU FIND IT VERY HARD TO HIT THESE LITTLE BIRDS!"

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

It was early on a certain afternoon in January that the Sun-child found himself in a Palace. He had strayed in almost unconsciously, paying no heed to the sentries with fixed bayonets who trudged up and down in the courts below, or to the various gorgeous footmen and other impressive retainers who lined the passages and hung about in the ante-rooms. This Palace was not like the bright and shining Palace which had once been his home. It was roofed in and heavily curtained and carpeted instead of lying open to the sparkling violet-tinted air, and there were no crystal staircases or opal banisters, and such light as there was came in fitful and almost dingy gleams through the dull windows. Still it was a Palace, and a beautiful Princess, the darling of her friends and of the people amongst whom her lot was cast, lived there with the Prince, her husband, and their little boy.

Walking on, the Sun-child came to a door through which he passed into a comfortably furnished room, evidently the boudoir of the Princess, for there was a pleasant *négligé* about it and there were cushions lying in cosy corners and photographs and pretty knick-knacks were strewn about the tables. The Sun-child slipped behind a screen that hid his light, and, peeping out thence, he beheld the Princess. A beautiful vision she was, but her lovely face was clouded over, and deep misery was in her eyes. She was sitting on a chair, her hands tightly clenched, and was speaking to the Prince, a heavy ungainly man, with a vacuous flushed face, who was standing up over against her.

"But, RUPERT, you can't mean that, surely you can't. Consider for a moment. Oh, it's impossible," and she gave a shudder and put her hand to her eyes as if to shut out some painful sight.

"I've had quite enough of these appeals," said the Prince gruffly. "You heard what I said, and you know well enough what I mean. Let there be no more of this nonsense. Oh, yes, I know," he continued, as she half rose from her chair, "you've got a fine spirit and all that, but you've got to obey me, do you hear, you've got to obey me," and as she rose up and faced him he seized her arm violently and thrust her back into her chair. "No tantrums, please; I hate a scene. I'm going out now, and when I return I hope to find you in a better frame of mind."

With that he turned on his heels and went out, slamming the door behind him.

Left to herself, the Princess still sat in her chair, her face pale and set, and her hands clasping one another in her lap. Then she rose, a tall and stately figure, and began pacing about the room. And these were her thoughts:—

"What have I done to deserve this? Oh, he's cruel, brutal and unmanly. Things cannot go on like this. I should kill myself or him. No, my mind's made up. It must end."

Thinking thus, she sat down at her writing-table and hastily scribbled a note:—

"I have thought over what you said," she wrote, "and I am sorry I repulsed you so abruptly. I will meet you at four o'clock to-day and go with you."

She slipped it into an envelope, addressed it, and rang the bell.

"Take this," she said to the servant, "at once. There is no answer."

The servant bowed and went out and the Princess sank again into her chair, and sat without moving, the prey to dreadful thoughts. And the clock ticked away the time and the hands moved steadily over the dial, and still she sat and sat. At last she looked up and saw that it was half-past three, and at this moment the Sun-child

came from behind his screen and stood before her and looked into her eyes. And, as he did so, the door opened and a pretty little boy came into the room and ran to the Princess:—

"Mummy," he said, "where have you been? You promised

to come to me and I've been waiting for you."

At this the Princess could control herself no longer. She flung her arms round the boy and burst into tears:—

"My darling," she cried, "of course I ought to have come to you. No matter, you're here, and I'll never, never leave you. Don't be afraid, don't be afraid," and the black cloud faded from her mind and her true strength returned, and a great resolve to endure and to be patient grew upon her.

While she still embraced her little boy and made much of the wondering child, a strange confused rumour grew without and there were hurried steps in the passage. At last the door opened and a lady came in and stood before the group, as if not knowing what to say:

"Compose yourself, ANGELA," she stammered at last, "compose yourself and be strong. There has been a terrible accident, and the Prince—"

"Say it at once," said the Princess, in a cold and measured voice that seemed to come from far away, "he is dead."

"Yes," said the lady, "dead."

But the Princess heard no more, and the Sun-child went out again on his wanderings.

(To be continued.)

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.



IT IS RATHER A BLOW TO ONE'S
VANITY AND TEMPER WHEN, AFTER
POSING PATIENTLY BEFORE A VERY
SLOW PLATE, ONE COMES OUT LIKE—

THIS!

CROSS QUESTIONERS AND CROOKED ANSWERERS.

By Mr. Punch's own Keltic Poet.

[See "The Questioners" in this month's *Fortnightly Review*.]

READER, oh, gentle reader, may I not pass?

*Not till you make more clear**What the Dickens you mean.*

Grovelling Reader! Can you not feel the joy
Of my vague sonorous phrases, elusive, obscure,
About my proud one arrayed in dreams and roses?
How can I tell what I mean any more than you . . .

Get out, get out!

Critic, Sassenach critic, may I not pass?

What do you mean?

Dull-witted critic, canst thou not understand
That I am a Keltic bard and a Symbolist to boot?
My song is of nightingales and a silken-haired stranger
Whose presence certainly seems to require explanation. . .

Get out, get out!

Public, oh British Public, may I not pass?

What do you mean?

Idiot Public! But here in the vast evening
On the head of his pale companion and plighted friend
A man I remember inflicted his lordly anger.
I trust you will not prove equally violent . . .

Get out, get out!

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(Mr. Punch's own Collection.)

THE long unpublished narrative poem by Sir WALTER SCOTT (called, for lack of a better name, *The Lay of the Very Last Minstrel*) from which Mr. Punch printed an extract two weeks ago, is by no means the only specimen of this class of verse which figures in his collection. A poem in the same genre by BYRON, with the usual Oriental background, is one of his most prized possessions. It opens finely thus:—

The Night is dark. No moonlight shines
Along the Moslem's battle-lines;
And jewelled mosque and stern *serai*
Lie darkling 'neath an Eastern sky.
The fair ZAREEFA in her bower
Trembling awaits the fatal hour
When CASSIM, on his fiery horse,
Will carry her away of course.

The elopement, which is narrated in very spirited style, but at too great length to be quoted here, is duly carried out, and the wrath of ZAREEFA's injured lord when the news reaches him is as easily described as imagined:—

NOUREDIN's eyeballs blazed with ire,
His bondmen trembled at their fire.
Across the chamber's length he paced
And to and fro his steps retraced
While, musing o'er ZAREEFA's guilt,
His right hand sought his dagger hilt.
At moments too his favourite page
Declares his whiskers curl with rage.
Fiercely he scowls to left and right.
Bismillah! 'tis a shocking sight.

Ultimately poor ZAREEFA and her lover are captured, and all ends happily—in the Bosphorus.

By way of corrective to the easy jog-trot style of Byronic narrative, the following lyric of BROWNING's, hitherto unknown even to BROWNING Societies, should be greatly appreciated. It is in the poet's most abrupt and tortuous style, with all his well-marked eccentricity of rhyme and rhythm, and is called:—

YET ANOTHER WAY OF LOVE.

You see this rose,
Its calyx, its petals?
Since fair it shows
Could you forget, all's
Well with your heart to the heart's confusion
And the mind's disjointure. What's
conclusion?
Look on her blossom half white, half
pink.
Would you choose her, the choice yours,
think ye?

But if, depressed
With all this fooling,
Rose and the rest,
You 'scape your schooling,



HEARD AT A PROVINCIAL CIRCUS.

Wag (to unfortunate small gent, who has vainly endeavoured to persuade lady to remove her hat). "DON'T YOU SEE SHE'S GOT A BIRD IN HER HAT, SITTING? YOU WOULDN'T HAVE THE LADY ADDLE-HEADED, WOULD YOU?"

And, stooping low to her sweet shoe's
latchet
(Since truth's the truth if you can but
catch it!)
You risk conjecture "Why yes?" or
"Why no?"—
Lord love you, I'm hanged if I know.

But there are some people so constituted that they are unable really to appreciate this rugged order of lyric. They prefer a softer and more sensuous style of poetry. For them Mr. Punch's collection contains a moment of pure joy in the shape of an unpublished poem by ROSSETTI—one of those vague elusive sonnets full of exquisite imagery and jewelled phrases which are so infuriating to the Philistine, so adored by the cultured. Like many of ROSSETTI's, this sonnet has a mysterious and high-sounding title which, however, seems to have no particular connection with the lines which follow:—

SOUL-SEVERANCE.

Because the cithole hath a thousand
tones
Inwrought with many subtile har-
monies
Of lute and flute wherein sweet music
dies,
Yea, all the bitter-sweet that love dis-
owns,
Mournful are they and full of heavy
moans
And tears and interpenetrative sighs,
Soul-stirred with ultimate im-
munities,
And incommunicable antiphones!

So is the soul fulfilled of saddest things,
Of multitudinous sighs more sad than
they
Whereof Earth hears no sound, yet
nothing may
Drown the deep murmur of its echoings:
Even so of soul and soul the poet sings
And what on earth he means can no
man say. Sr. J. H.

FIRST MENTIONS.

In order to save correspondents of the *Westminster Gazette* unnecessary trouble, Mr. Punch has drawn up the following list of phrases with authentic origins:—

"Billy O!"—HENSLOWE's diary (preserved at Dulwich College) relates that Lord Chancellor BACON, on being asked by EDWARD ALLEYN, the actor, if he could write plays, replied darkly, "Like Billy O!"

"Giving them beans," was first used by BACON in his "Pot-pourri from a Stratford Garden."

"Marry come up!" was employed for the first time by HENRY THE EIGHTH, on the eve of his embarking on matrimony. He used it subsequently five times on similar occasions.

"Rats!"—This was first used by the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

"Facing the music."—Signor HANDEL TURNERELLI, in the year 1624, on the evening on which he perfected the mechanism of the hurdy-gurdy, first used this classic phrase.

"Lay on, MacDuff," was first used by Lord ROSEBURY as a tip to the Duke of FIFE as *Ladas* left the paddock.



ON THE WAY HOME FROM THE EXMOOR HUNT—NO KILL.

Fair Huntress. "WHAT A PITY THE HOUNDS LET THAT SPLENDID STAG GET AWAY, COLONEL, WASN'T IT?"

Colonel. "PITY! HA, IF THEY'D ONLY TAKEN MY ADVICE WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN UP WITH HIM NOW, INSTEAD OF BEING MILES AWAY ON THE WRONG TRACK!"

CHARIVARIA.

A STARTLING increase in the number of lunatics in the British Isles is again recorded. Our asylums are overcrowded, and it is becoming necessary to send Passive Resisters to the prisons.

We hear that there are quite a number of persons, entirely in sympathy with the new Education Act, who would be willing to become Passive Resisters if they were absolutely sure that some anonymous gentleman would come forward to pay their rates. It is only the uncertainty that prevents the movement assuming huge proportions.

We learn from the *Pall Mall Gazette* that, "Another new carriage drive leading from the Mall into the Palace roadway has been opened this week. It takes a grand sweep to the right of the circle in the centre of which the monument of the QUEEN will be erected." We assume that the "grand sweep," whose drive is here described, has already retired from his obscure profession.

Mrs. SKEFFINGTON SMYTH has just returned from a lonely tour round the world. The only trouble she had was

on the Yang-tze-Kiang river, where the natives would insist on calling her Mrs. SMYTH.

There is likely to be trouble at Dundee. The medical men in that town have been insulted by the Visiting Medical Officer of the Poorhouses. He has recommended the establishment of a laboratory for the Poorhouse Hospital, and, according to the *Dundee Advertiser*, he has stated that "as a means of reducing the number of patients long resident, the expenditure would prove in the long run economical." This slight on their laboratory work is declared by the local doctors to be quite unjustifiable.

Those who sneered at cordite as useless have received a nasty slap in the face. It has been found to be possible to get drunk by eating it.

The discovery is stated to have aroused much interest among such persons as have taken the pledge to abstain from intoxicating liquors only.

The Servian Chargé d'Affaires has expressed himself as much annoyed that he continues to be officially ignored by the British Government. "You must remember we are a young and

rising nation," he says. It was, of course, just this upward mobility which created the difficulty.

We hear that an Imperial Rescript will shortly be issued by the Czar ordering Evacuation Day to be observed each year as a Fête Day by the Russian troops in Manchuria.

The quarrel between Rear-Admiral LAMBTON and Sir ARCHIBALD HUNTER has not been long in bearing fruit. An Admiralty man has been made Minister of War, and an Army man has been appointed Civil Lord of the Admiralty.

It is announced that Volunteers will take the place of the Allegorical Cars in the approaching Lord Mayor's Show. But the Allegorical idea will still be kept up, as the Volunteers are to symbolise the Efficiency of the War Office.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN now recognises in Lord ROSEBURY his most dangerous opponent in the Fiscal Fight. His Lordship's jaunty opening, "Well, what do you think of it all?" was such a success that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's next speech is to begin with, "Here we are again!"